

In Recital

Nicole Hartt, soprano

**assisted by
Brennan Szafron, piano**

with special guests

**Stephanie Johnson
and Bernal Ibarra & Company**

Monday, April 27, 1998 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

Se tu m'ami se sospiri
Arietta

Unknown

Nina
Canzonetta

Alma del core (1711)
Comme raggio di sol (date unknown)
Aria

Antonio Caldara
(1670-1736)

Sebben, crudele (1716)
Canzonetta

Der Tod und das Mädchen (1817)
Nur wer die Sensucht kennt (1826)
Lachen und Weinen, Op. 59, No.4 (1823)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

Salce, Salce Ave Maria (1891)
From *Othello*

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Intermission

Ebben? ne andro lontana
From *La Wally* (1892)

Alfredo Catalani
(1854-1893)

dancer: Stephanie Johnson

Cabaret series:

Je ne t'aime pas (1934)
No. 10 Surabaya Johnny
From *Happy End* (1929)

Kurt Weill
(1900-1950)

Funeral Blues (1937)
Johnny (1937)

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Take me for a sinner (1997)

Bernal Ibarra
(b. 1977)

Adam. J. Smith, bass
Bernal Ibarra, guitar
Jason Seguin, drums
Leith Bell, keyboard

He never failed me yet (1982)

Robert Ray

Shannon Simpson, soprano
Gina Williams, alto
Colin Bussiere, tenor
Jeff Neufeld, bass

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Hartt.

Special Thanks to Professor Harold Wiens for his guidance, direction, and support.

There will be a reception in the Arts Lounge following the recital.

Translation

Se tu m'ami, se sospiri / If thou lov'st me.

If thou lov'st me, and sighest ever but for me, O gentle swain,
Sweet I find thy loving favor, Pitiful I feel thy pain.
Should'st thou think tho, that demurely I on thee alone may smile,
Simple shepherd.

Thou art surely Prone thy senses to beguile;
As a fairred rose, a lover fain might Sylvia choose today,
Haply if he thornes discover 'Tis tomorrow thrown away,
All men say of maidenfolly finds no favor in mine eyes,
Nor because I love the lily Shall I other flow'rs despise.

Nina

For three long days my Nina, upon her bed has lain
Louder and louder ye players all! Awaken my Ninetta
She may sleep no more.

Alma del core / Fairest adored

Fairest adored, spirit of beauty!
Thy faithful lover I'll ever be,
This boon I ask thee that thou wilt grant me thy lips adored once more to kiss.

Comme raggio di sol/ As on the swelling wave

As on the swelling wave in idle motion,
Wanton sunbeams at play are gaily riding,
while in the bosom of th'unfathom'd ocean
There lies a tempest in hiding:
So are many that wear a mien contented,
many a visage where on a smile e'er hovers,
While, deep within, the bosom a heart tormented
In secret anguish covers.

Sebben, crudele / Tho'not deserving

Tho' not deserving Thy cruel scorn,
ever unswerving Thee only I love.
When to thee kneeling all I have borne,
Thy pride unfeeling I then shall move.

Der tod und das Mädchen/Death and the Maiden

Maiden:

Go by, oh, go by,
harsh bony Death!

I am still going. Go my dear,
and do not touch me.

Death:

give me your hand, you fair gentle thing.

A friend I am and do not come to punish

Be of good cheer. I am not harsh.

In my arms shall you sleep soft!

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt/Only he who knows longing

Only he who knows longing

knows what I suffer!

Alone and cut off

from all joy,

I gaze at the firmament

in that direction

ah, he who loves and knows me

is far away.

My head reels, my body blazes,

Only he knows longing

knows what I suffer!

Lachen und Weinen / Tears and Laughter

Laughter and tears at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many things.

In the morning I laughed for joy,

and why I now weep

in the evening glow

I myself do not know.

At evening I wept for grief;

and why you can awake

at morn with laughter,

that I must ask you, O heart.

Salce, Salce (Ave Maria) / Willow, Willow (Ave Maria)

Hail, Mary, hail! In grace o'er flowing, The lord Himself is
with thee, Thou blest above all women,
blest be thy offspring, the fruit of thy maternal love: Jesus!
Pray thou for them who kneeling do adore thee,
Pray thou for sinners, too, pray for the holy,
Pray for great and mighty, pray for meek and lowly,
Pray for the mourners lying prone before thee.
Pray for all who bow'neath the yoke of cruel oppression,
for the poor and broken hearted, Pray for us, O Mary.
And in that hour when we in death are lying, Pray for our souls. Amen!

Ebben? ne andro lontana / Well then, I shall go far away

Well then, I shall go far away
like the echo of the pious bell....
yonder, in the white snow,
yonder, beneath the golden clouds...
There, where hope is sorrow and regret!
From the happy home of my mother
I, Wally, am going far away
and perhaps will never return and
see it again.
But determined is my foot!
I must go... for the road is long.

Humans experience self-discipline versus the need for freedom and joy. To balance these two needs and desires is a difficult challenge but ultimately, a path will dominate our lives. Though society favors the choice of becoming self-disciplined a price must be paid to resolve the conflict regardless of which choice is made.

As a performer, my ability to express may not always be acknowledged. My own artistic form of expression is not always assigned or restricted in an orderly fashion. My character allows me to sing spontaneously-which is just as important as planning, seriousness and hard work. I wonder if this society has an open view on this idea. We are in such a confined, narrow world, we should be allowed to express a fuller range of emotion. There needs to be other means of ad lib expression - in which it may allow the world to broaden. For many of us, our own abstract approach depends on our success as artists and therefore it should be realized as substantial. After all, anything that exceeds the boundaries of structure calls for new concepts and these concepts of art grow from one era to another.

Nicole Hartt

